

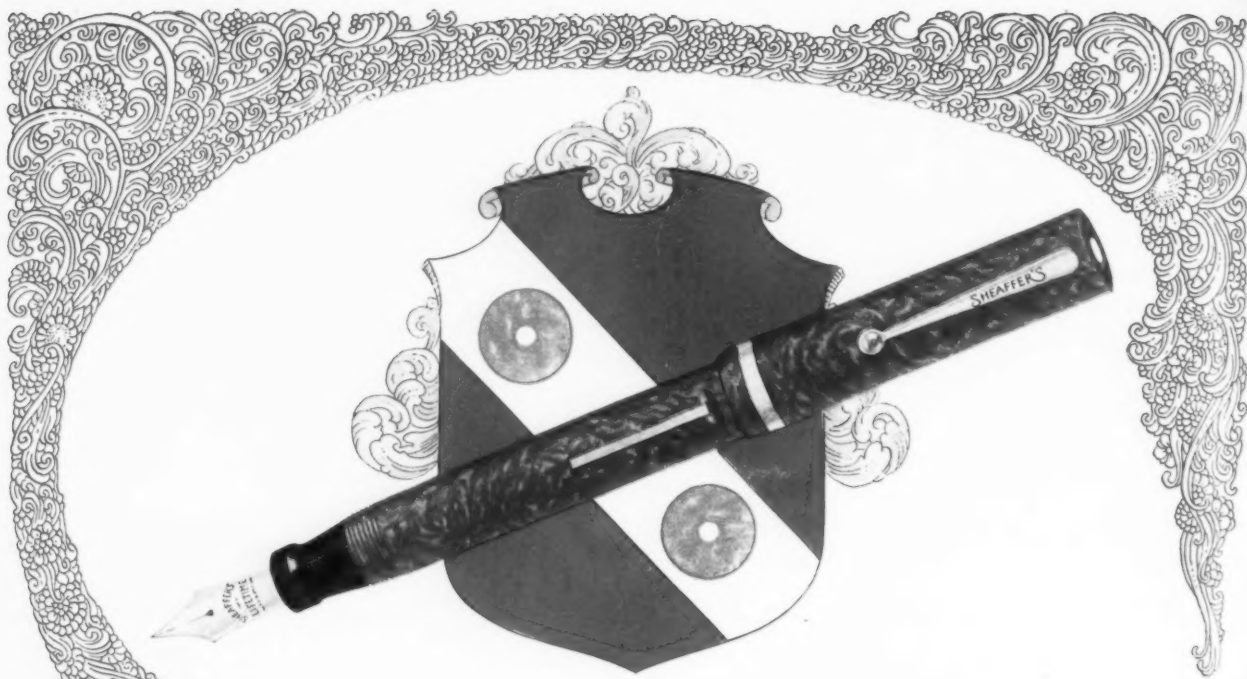
# Life



APRIL 30, 1925

*A Heavy Date*

PRICE 15 CENTS



*Lifetime*

*This fountain pen is writing  
a new history of achievement*

On the crest of an epoch-making popularity, it is heralded, not only as a thing of beauty, but as an outstanding and needed improvement. Its first great advantage was a "point of honor," a remarkable nib that is guaranteed to last a lifetime. And now comes a jewel-like barrel that is practically unbreakable and indestructible, because it is made of *radite*. Radite! Even the roughest usage will not harm it; light it is in weight, with a radiant elegance all its own. The now far-famed Lifetime "is the pen of no repairs." It is built to endure. Spot it by the dot in its field of jade—the white dot. Through the edict of a record-making demand this fine writing instrument has established a new world leadership.

Green "Lifetime" for men, \$8.75—for women, \$7.50 Others, \$2.50 and up

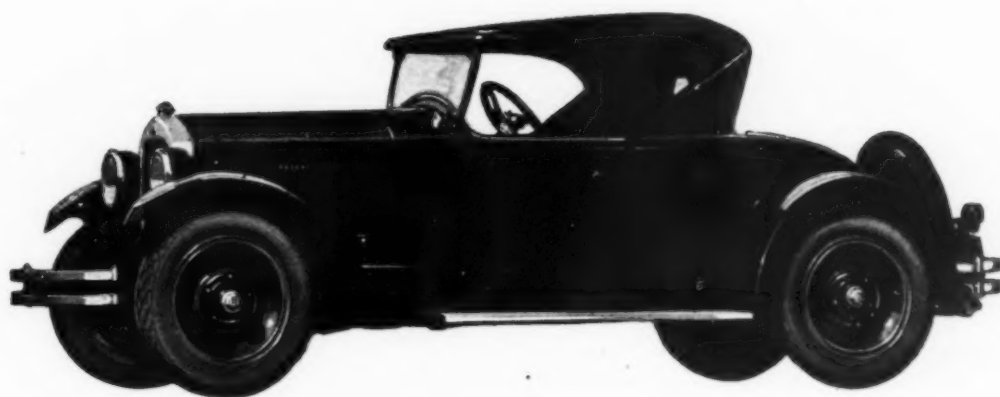
*At better stores everywhere*

**SHEAFFER'S**  
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY  
FORT MADISON, IOWA

DONALD  
BENTON

What a delight to sweep along in a car, so free and buoyant that your mind is subjected to a sense of skimming the air as if on wings. Such is the new sensation which the Hupmobile Eight brings to motoring.



## THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT



You feel the tremendous power—but you come near to forgetting its source. You know you are speeding over the road, but it quickly dawns on you that never before was it quite so easy and effortless. For here is a new steadiness of great power—

a steadiness which sheer bulk of weight sometimes gives, but for which it always exacts its penalty.

Perhaps your experience has never included such motoring; then you will find a fresh enjoyment in the Hupmobile Eight.

*Four body types, not excelled within \$1000 of their prices in beauty, finish and equipment. Five-passenger Sedan, \$2375; Four-passenger Coupe, \$2325; Touring Car and Roadster, \$1975. Prices F. O. B. Detroit; tax to be added. Equipment includes balloon tires, bumpers front and rear, winter-front, snubbers, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror. Q Hupmobile four-cylinder cars, in a complete line of popular body types, at prices which make them the outstanding value in their field.*

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Pub. Co., at 128 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 85, No. 2217, April 30, 1935. Entered as Second Class Matter, June 8, 1933, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright, 1935, LIFE, in the U. S., England and British Possessions.

# 6 months ~ 26 weeks ~ of Life for \$2 (A bargain!)

THIS is positively the most attractive subscription offer that LIFE has ever made. Figure it out for yourself: six months—twenty-six issues—of LIFE for a paltry two dollars. In the interests of National Economy, this is a *bargain* that you cannot afford to miss.

A six-months' subscription entered NOW will carry you through the summer and guarantee your supply of LIFE and happiness while you are on your vacation travels.

Included in these issues will be many big special numbers, starting with the Fresh Air, Nautical, Radio, Commencement and Golf Numbers.

Aside from all its regular attractions, LIFE will offer a number of new

features, including a sensational serial, "The Rover and Over Boys," by Corey Ford, illustrated by Gluyas Williams, and "Popular Science for Big and Little Folks," by Robert Benchley. Both of these features will start within two weeks.

Remember the words of the prophet: *A sense of humor implies the sense to subscribe for it.* Fill out the corner coupon NOW!

## SPECIAL OFFER

LIFE  
598 Madison Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me  
LIFE for Six Months,  
for which I enclose Two  
Dollars (Canadian, \$2.40;  
Foreign, \$2.80).

377

By the Year, \$5.00  
(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Follow the dotted line to its  
logical conclusion and—

*Obey that Impulse*





## The Winning Title to this advertisement, published in Life March 5th

"Though you say it at sixty, or say it at six,  
'Tis the way that you say it that wins you the tricks.  
Let ye live in the alleys, or rose-covered bowers,  
If you'd say it to win you must Say it with Flowers."

Margaret K. McCloskey,  
436 W. 260th Street, New York City

### FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

"Neither height nor distance his wooing bars, for he  
can always Sav it with Flowers."

Mrs. Albert M. Herr,  
Rider & Elm Avenues, Lancaster, Pa.

### SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

"A flower a day keeps the other fellow away."

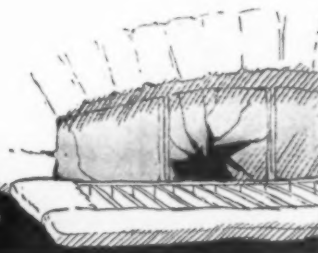
James M. Higginbotham,  
Box 434, Lafayette, La.

### OTHER HONORABLE MENTIONS

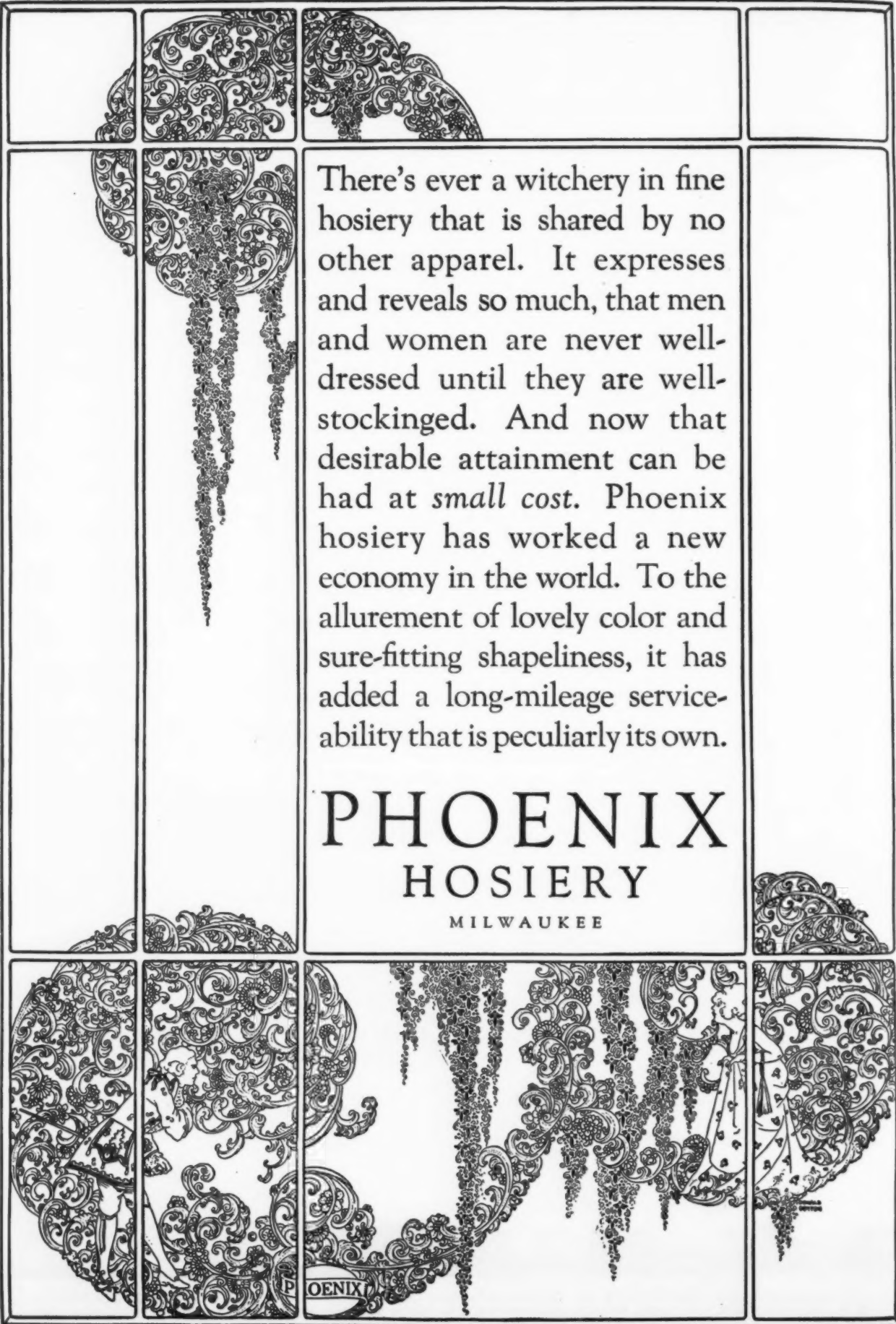
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|--|---|
| 4th—Blanch Johnson<br>Omaha, Nebr.           | *6th—Clarence Weeks<br>Kansas City, Mo.   |
| 5th—A. H. McKinnon<br>Seattle, Wash.         | 9th—James G. Walker<br>Brookline, Mass.   |
| *6th—Robert M. Eickmeyer<br>Toledo, Ohio     | 10th—Katherine Pollard<br>Houston, Texas. |
| *6th—Mrs. Frank W. Laughton<br>Richmond, Va. | 11th—James Corbin<br>Schenectady, N. Y.   |
| 12th—Harry F. Grace, Gettysburg, Pa.         |   |

\*Three ties for Sixth Place.

# "Say it with Flowers"



Check for \$25 has been dispatched to the winner. The judges were: Henry Penn, Chairman, M. C. Wright, J. F. Ammann, S. S. Penneck, B. W. Murphy, J. J. Hess, John Young, Joseph H. Hill, representing the Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists.



There's ever a witchery in fine hosiery that is shared by no other apparel. It expresses and reveals so much, that men and women are never well-dressed until they are well-stockinged. And now that desirable attainment can be had at *small cost*. Phoenix hosiery has worked a new economy in the world. To the allurements of lovely color and sure-fitting shapeliness, it has added a long-mileage serviceability that is peculiarly its own.

# PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

# Life

## A Baseball Magnate Buys a Rembrandt

**F**IRST appears a scout, disguised as a plumber, who under pretense of repairing the drains looks the picture over.

\* \* \*

Next appears another scout who comes frankly as a collector, but who pretends that he is interested in a Ploomf that hangs close by. He is loud in his admiration of the Ploomf and finally offers \$476 for it—delivery to be at the close of the current art season. The dealer wants \$500 for the Ploomf. The agent packs his trunk to leave town, but suddenly gets an idea. He'll take the Ploomf for \$320,000 if the dealer will throw the Rembrandt in with it, not because he wants the Rembrandt at all, but because it looks funny for a man to travel with a picture under one arm and nothing under the other.

\* \* \*

They agree on this price. The next day the scout shows a wire from the Magnate—he has had it in his pocket all the time—saying that he doesn't need a Ploomf this year as he has an old Ploomf that's in better condition than he

thought, but that he doesn't feel that he ought to have taken so much of the dealer's time for nothing, so he'll buy the Rembrandt, which he knows won't be of any use to him, for \$298,000.

\* \* \*

He finally gets the Rembrandt for \$298,106.

\* \* \*

His publicity man broadcasts the announcement that the Magnate has just purchased the world's greatest picture for \$1,800,000.

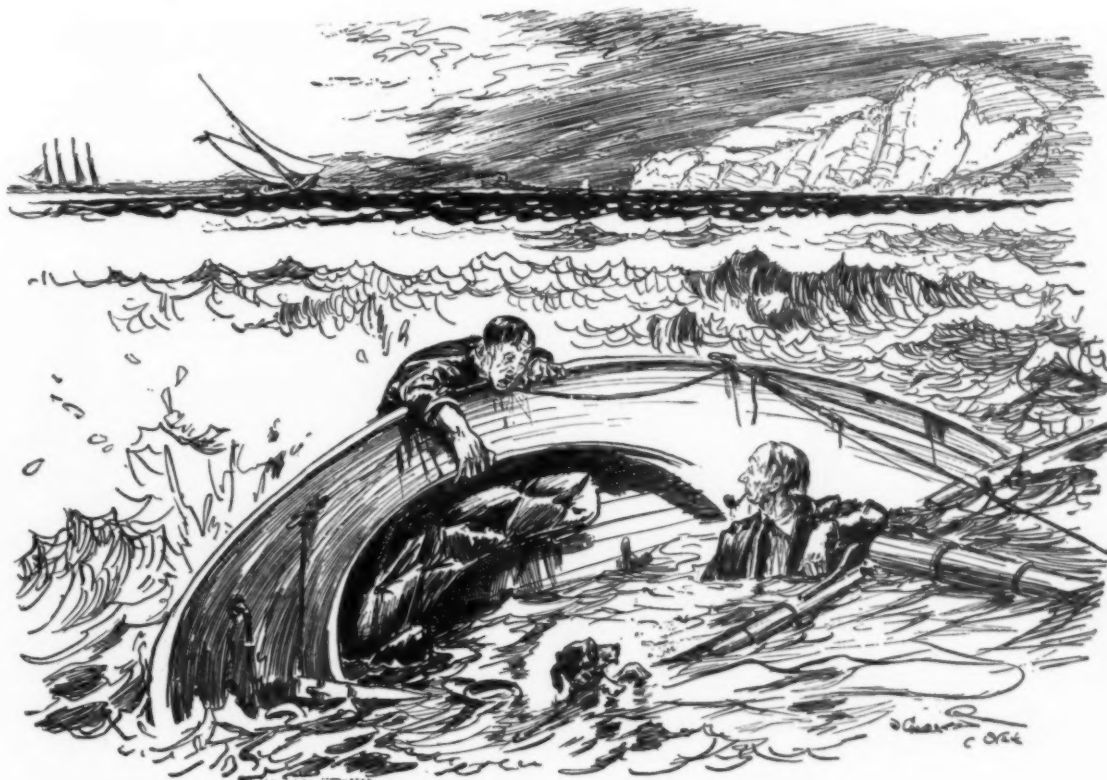
\* \* \*

Six months later the Rembrandt is released to the Chilli-cothe (Ohio) Public Library.

*Bertram Bloch.*

## The Right Background

**W**IFE: Now, John, we've got to move into a more up-to-date house. I wouldn't think of remaining here in this old-fashioned place, now that we have such a lot of lovely antique furniture.



### THE INTERRUPTED STORY

*The Cool One:* AH, YES—AND THEN WHAT DID *she* SAY?



"HELLO, DEARIE—JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE IF YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO GO SHOPPING WITH ME."  
 "SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT I CAN'T—I SIMPLY MUST BUY SOMETHING TO-DAY."

### If Gertrude Stein Wrote a Soap Ad.

WHITE white pure white. White is pure and pure means white. Means Ivory which is white and pure and soap. Pure pure poor who said poor it is not poor it is pure and it is pure for ninety nine percents and it is pure for forty four one hundredths of another percent and after that it is not pure. For fifty six one hundredths of a percent it is not pure. No no not pure, and we do not care if that is so. If so or if soap.

It washes hands and chemises and flannels and faces and ears and behind ears but not behind faces or flannels or chemises. Washes washes and does not wash washing more than it does not wash. It is made by a Procter and it is made by a Gamble and it is made by a Procter but not on a gamble. I am told this this is what I am told and I know nothing but what I am t'd. I know nothing.

I think that this is the end of my song of soap and whiteness and percents and purity and Procter. I think that my song is done. A song and no song and no song but sung. No more or more or or and no more. *Allan S. Becker.*

### Combined Heredity

THE woman who counted her chickens before they were hatched married the man who crossed his bridges before he came to them, and now their son is a huge success making promises for politicians.

### Ballade of Business

OUT on the links or on the shore,  
 Whether we're shooting golf or dice,  
 I'll lend you my favorite niblick, or  
 Laugh at your jokes, if they're full of spice.  
 Oh, I'll be your boy-friend and all that's nice;  
 But if you ask for the greenbacks tall,  
 Why, six per cent. is my market price—  
 Business is business after all!

Say what you will, I'm your pal and more;  
 Here is my hand—you can shake it thrice.  
 I'll stick to you till the final score—  
 Why, I've a heart that can melt like ice!  
 Now, at your wedding I'll shower rice,  
 But don't expect me to hire the hall!  
 For when money talks, I don't think twice—  
 Business is business after all!

Into your glass I'll freely pour  
 Kümmel or rye, and give advice.  
 But if you come to my clothing store,  
 To buy a suit at a wholesale slice,  
 Don't think you'll get it!...To be precise  
 (Mind you, not that I'm tight or small),  
 It's just the custom of men and mice:  
 Business is business after all!

### INVOICE:

Prince of good-fellows, in a trice  
 I'm at your social beck and call,  
 But, whether your name is Jones or Weiss,  
 Business is business after all! *Max Lief.*

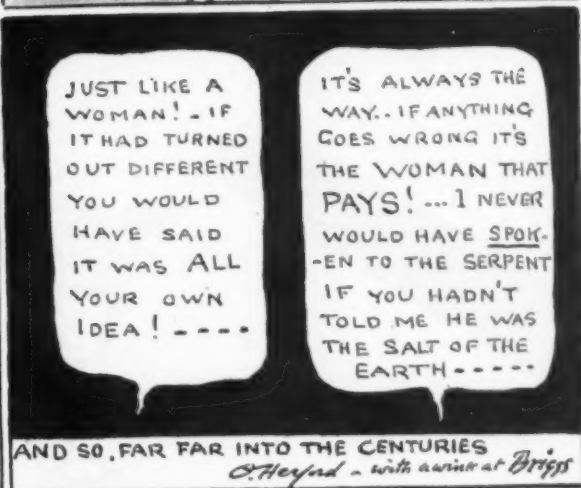
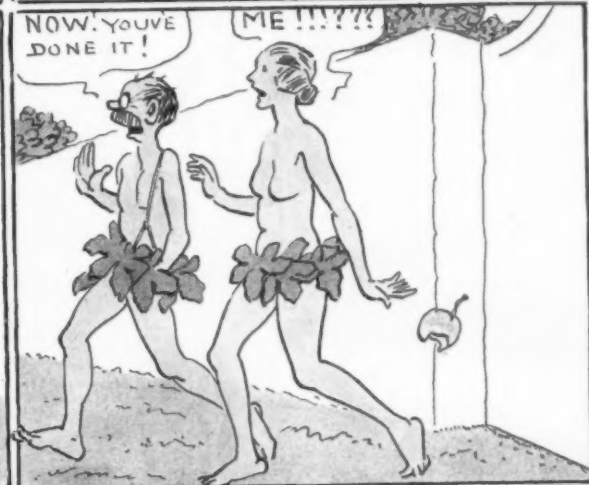
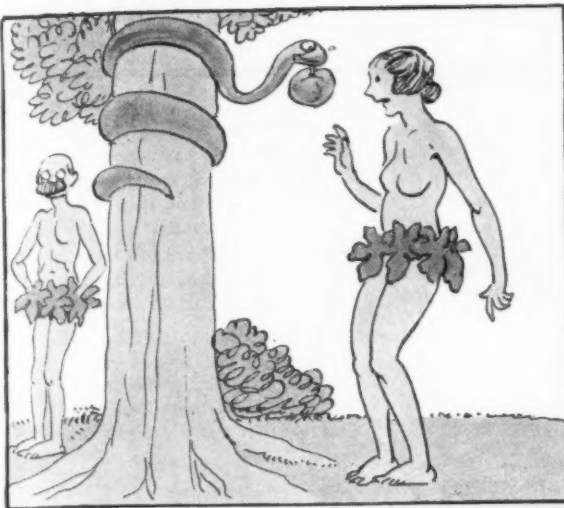
### Fairy Story

"GENTLEMEN," said the famous after-dinner speaker,  
 "I have absolutely nothing to say this evening." Then  
 he sat down.



"WHAT BECAME OF THAT BEAUTIFUL FOREST THAT USED TO  
 BE ALONG HERE?"  
 "YOU'RE HOLDING PART OF IT IN YOUR HAND."





THE FIRST COMIC STRIP



THE 150th anniversary of the dawn of liberty has been celebrated in Concord and Lexington with due ceremony. And speaking of liberty, we must confess that Uncle Sam was a good fellow when he had it.

Permission to fire the shot that was heard round the world would never have been granted by the present State Department in Washington. In all probability the Minute Men would have had to go to Canada to start the American Revolution.

The League of Nations will publish an annual list of the six hundred best books. It is rumored that the appendix will list the ten best desert islands.

The European situation continues unchanged, with the King of Spain still leading the field in the race to unveil monuments.

Summing up the results of the recent airplane controversy, Colonel WILLIAM MITCHELL says, "Hidden truth has been revealed. That means action by the

country." By the way, speaking of action by the country, wasn't there some sort of exposé in the matter of Teapot Dome a year or two ago?

WILL IRWIN has declared that airplanes are virtually a commercial failure. The trouble, no doubt, being with the turnover.

During the first week in May this country is to celebrate Music Week, and we hope that our radio jazz orchestras will enjoy the holidays.

Any number of co-respondents are mixed up in the Marquess of Queensberry's divorce suit. They seem to have abrogated the rules in favor of catch-as-catch-can.

Oak Park, Illinois, "the world's largest village," is endeavoring to revive the old-fashioned Sunday. All persons will be expected to walk to church in the old-fashioned way, and all sermons, we take it, will discuss the good old-fashioned subject, "What has become of the old-fashioned Sunday?"

To escape the scorching tropical sun, the people of Gharian, Tripoli, have built an entire city several hundred feet below the surface of the Sahara Desert. They evidently grew tired of trying to keep cool with COOLIDGE.

A scientist estimates that the earth will last about a hundred million years longer. This should give the European nations plenty of time to settle their war debts.

If it is not too much to ask, we should like to have some news as to the whereabouts of the Big Prosperity Boom which was officially launched the morning after Election Day, last November. When last seen it was traveling away from Washington, D. C., at what some eye-witness has called "breakneck speed."

Perhaps the Big Prosperity Boom has turned out to be just another Dull Sickening Thud.



THE MILITARIST'S DREAM OF HEAVEN



"OFFICER, IF I LEAVE MY CAR HERE, WILL YOU WATCH IT WHILE I'M IN THAT SHOP?"

## The Practically Complete Idiot

MY friend Bilkins is ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent. imbecile. He is, without doubt, the greatest ass I know.

He subscribes, for instance, to the popular belief that the weather forecaster never knows what he is talking about. When the papers say "rain," Bilkins wears his pongee suit, and when they say "fair," he totes along an umbrella and mackintosh.

He will never light three on one match.

He invests most of his money in postage stamps to send out nominations for names of new magazines or get free booklets from correspondence courses. Once he won a dollar in a limerick contest.

He thinks any man is unpopular forever who uses the wrong fork on a salad course, and he broke off his engagement to a beautiful girl because she ordered chicken salad three times in succession.

When he inadvertently walks under a ladder he raps on wood afterward.

It is his firm opinion that every beggar on the street has a bank account bigger than the average Stock Exchange member's.

He is always insisting that women are mysterious.

He is trying to invent a substitute for gasoline.

He says that half the ministers of the gospel in the country are leading double lives, if you only knew the true facts in the case.

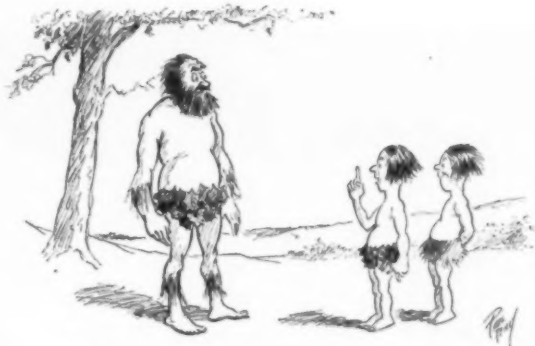
He buys "real imported" Gordon gin, instead of making his own, and thinks it is genuine because you can read the under side of the label through the bottle.

He tells his wife when he wins money at poker.

Any moron would be insulted if you introduced him to Bilkins.

But even Bilkins doesn't believe that the True Stories in the True Stories magazines are true stories. There is a limit of idiocy, even for Bilkins.

*Tip Bliss.*

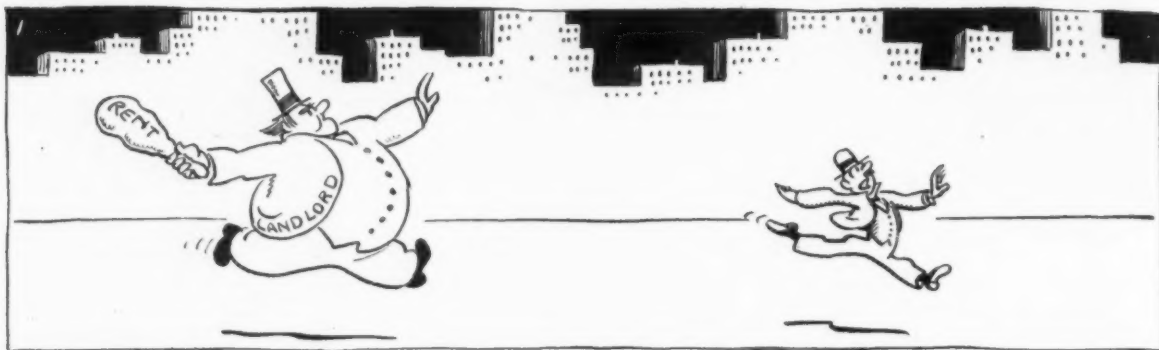


Cain and Abel: GIVE US A CENT, POP?

Adam: I HAVE NO CENT.

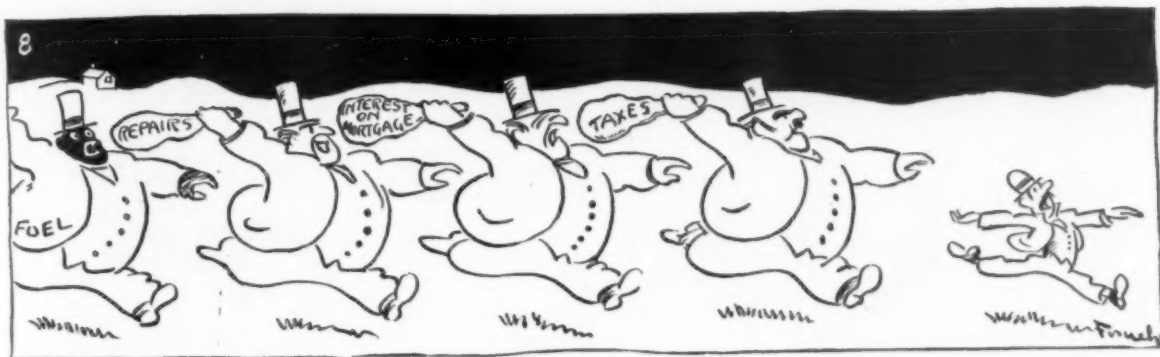
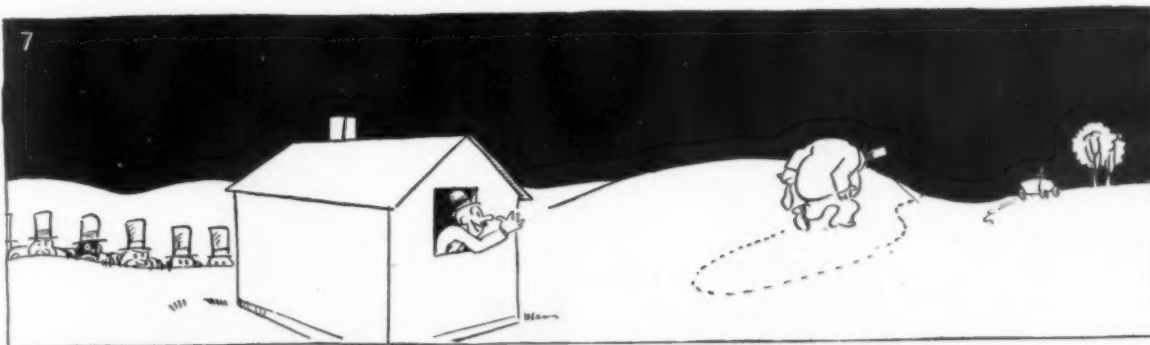
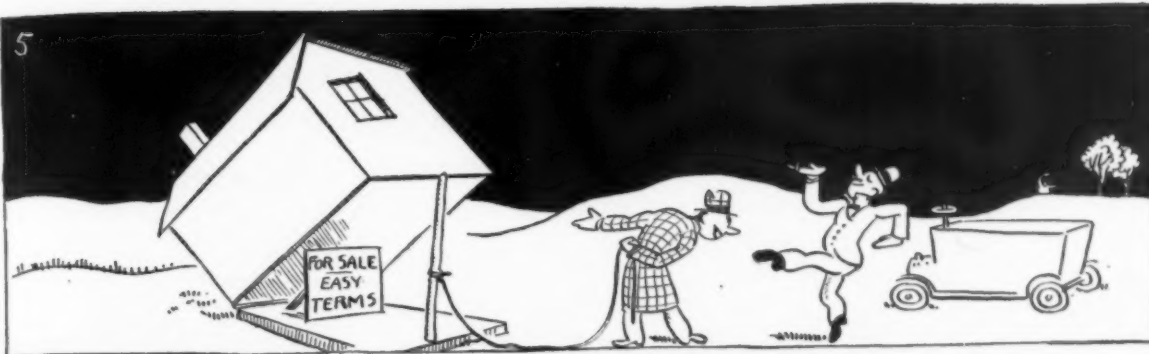
Cain and Abel: WELL, LOOK IN YOUR OTHER POCKET.

JUDGING from the value of most of our mail, the senders who bought even ½-cent stamps were Rank Spendthrifts.



Spring





Fantasy

## LIFE'S Question Contest

Announcing the Winning Answer to Question Number Ten:  
*"Is Religion on the Wane?"*

THE PRIZE OF \$50.00 IS AWARDED TO:

*R. S. Underwood  
 Auburn, Alabama*

For the following answer:

IF the "old-time" religion of authority, of "infallible" popes and "infallible" books and solemn assertions of the absurdly improbable,—if this be religion, and all there is of it, then most assuredly it is on the wane. It has been weakening since the palmy days of the Inquisition, when "fundamentalism" held its bludgeon triumphantly poised to crack the heads of incautious thinkers.

But,—if religion is associated in any way with the sympathy for human suffering which brings increasing floods of help to the victims of disaster; if it means reverent acknowledgment of unseen forces in the universe like those of which the radio hints; if it means the growth in man of spiritual qualities which lift him above the brute that he was and make him too fine to do the things that he used to do, then the answer is a resounding "No!"

In spite of war, and vice, and "back-sliding," kindness in the world is gaining on cruelty. In spite of the destruction of religious dead-wood by higher critics, there are growing ranks of sincere Christian, Jewish, Buddhist and Mohammedan modernists who face a universe too orderly and too wonder-filled to have been accidental.

## Honorable Mentions

NO. Religion has outgrown the Church, for it refuses to open its door wide enough. The Church petulantly shouts, "Believe, Conform, and Obey, or I will condemn you." Religion cries out, "Act and Do," and it is done.

Religion was in the butt of the last cigarette that passed from Frenchy to Yank, and Yank to Fritz on those hospital cots Over There.

Religion leaped from the eyes of millions who watched the papers as they told of Floyd Collins. Millions prayed and bowed reverently to a God when it was done.

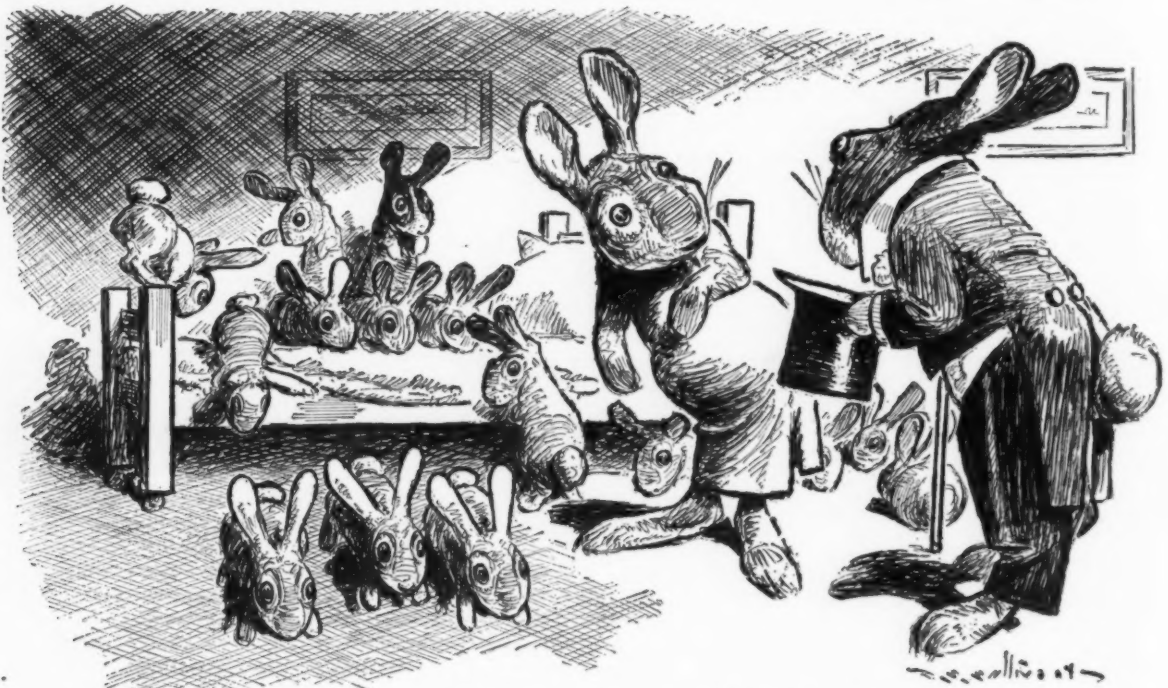
Religion is in the dime you give to the "down and outer" for coffee and rolls.

Religion is in the tired body you urge homeward to the wife and children when the shop whistle blows.

Religion is in your receipts that say, "Paid in Full."

Religion is in the dollar you give to keep "Bill" on his feet.

(Continued on page 34)



Mr. Rabbit: CAN'T YOU HURRY, ISABEL? WE'RE LATE NOW.  
 "I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY—JUST AS SOON AS I'VE LISTENED TO THE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS  
 AND KISSED THEM GOOD NIGHT."

## Our Theatrical Evolution

ACTOR: To — with him!  
 AUDIENCE: He nearly swore.  
 ACTOR: To h— with him!  
 AUDIENCE: He might as well say it.  
 ACTOR: To hell with him!  
 AUDIENCE: They're getting bold.  
 ACTOR: To hell with the —ed fool!  
 AUDIENCE: They're getting bolder.  
 ACTOR: To hell with the damphool!  
 AUDIENCE: We don't wonder the theatre is called demoralizing.  
 ACTOR: To hell with the goddam-phool!  
 OR. CIRCLE: Art! At last!  
 GALLERY: Put the cover on that garbage can!  
 PRODUCER: It goes! What next?  
 ADV. MGR.: Good advertisers.  
 CRITIC: The season's biggest hit!  
 THE PUBLIC: A good substitute for the prohibited barroom.

H. C. Groth.

## Labor-Saving

"SAMBO, Ah reckon we ought to git dat las' bale o' cotton on dis boat 'fo' sundown."

"Shuh! Wait a while, big boy. Mebbe de boss be 'long an' git mad an' frow it at us."

"TELL him we don't want a radical block," Mrs. Coolidge is understood to have said to the boy who called for the President's old hat to take it to the cleaner's.



PREDICAMENT OF THE MAN IN THE ONE-ARM LUNCH WHOSE GOOD ARM WAS ON THE WRONG SIDE.



Lady (to gentleman in front of Metropolitan Museum): YOU'VE JUST BEEN IN THERE, HAVEN'T YOU? PERHAPS YOU'D BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHETHER IT'S WORTH WHILE.

## The New Idealism

"NO, thanks," said the waiter, returning the tip to the puzzled patron, "I can't accept it. I've been reading what that visiting English author said about the degrading American gratuity system and I agree with him."

"But you have a family, I suppose," said the patron, "and they must live."

"You are right," replied the waiter. "I have a family—a wife and nine children, to be exact."

"Well, how'll they manage to get along if you don't accept tips?"

"I haven't the faintest idea, sir; but I do know this; that Englishman is right. Gratuities are degrading and I have no desire to degrade myself. A word of approbation when I have discharged my duties well is all I expect. May I hope for that from you, sir?"

"Yes, indeed!" said the kind-hearted

patron, rising to go. "The dinner was excellent to-night and very well served."

"Thank you," said the waiter, with no little emotion; "appreciation is what keeps me going."

"I understand," said the patron. "You may depend on my future compliments, and I'll never tip you again in my life."

"You're the first gentleman I've ever met. Good evening, sir!" The waiter smiled benignly at his departing guest and hummed a happy tune as he cleared the table.

Edward Anthony.

## Solo

FERN (as Eleanor concludes a piece on the piano): And Eleanor never had a lesson in her life!

MAE: It's sweet of her not to put the blame on any one else!



Skippy

*Skippy:* SO Y' CALL THAT D— THING A BASEBALL GLOVE?



## Compromise

"THE regular monthly meeting of the Men's Social League," the paper reported, "was unanimously voted extremely enjoyable."

Unanimously voted so—ah, yes! But behind that verdict, what heartaches, what recriminations, what turmoil!

Hardly had the Men's Social League gone into executive session than Oswald Pratt, Chairman of the Resolutions Committee, offered a motion declaring that it was the sense of the gathering that the regular monthly meeting was the most enjoyable on record.

"Hear, hear!" shouted all the members—save one.

Executive Chairman Paul Snodgrass then rose.

"A wonderful spirit!" he beamed. "Wonderful! I trust that I may make it a matter of record that this meeting is unanimously voted the most enjoyable of all time."

"You may! You may!" rose the general tumult. But a single cracked voice could be heard protesting: "No, no!" Immediately there arose cries of "Lynch him! Lynch him!"

"Gentlemen," shouted Mr. Snodgrass. "This is America, and the right of speech is denied to no one. If Mr. Henry Beecher" (for he had recognized the oldest member of the League) "will come forward, I am sure we shall be glad to give him a hearing."

Amid scowls, hisses and open threats, the patriarch tottered forward. Dauntlessly he faced the angry mob of up-turned faces.

"Men," he called in his high-pitched



THE OLD OFFICE CLOCK TAKES A DAY OFF AND WATCHES THE CLOCK WATCHERS

voice, "to ye young fellers this may seem the most enj'able reg'lar monthly meetin' in the hist'ry of the Men's Social League, but I shall never endorse it as such. I mind there was a meeting in the fall of '67—no, '66—well, anyways, it was either '66 or '67—that had this one beat a mile. Yes, sir, skinned! An' while the breath o' life clings to this old body of mine, I shall never permit this here meetin' to be unanimously voted the most enj'able reg'lar monthly meetin' ever."

Why attempt to describe the tremendous moiling, boiling and toiling that followed? Only let us say that the ancient gaffer stood his ground and that the item in the paper next day read:

"The regular monthly meeting of the Men's Social League was unanimously voted extremely enjoyable."

Tip Bliss.

DAWES has found that his job at the Senate is no pipe.

## Rondeau of Resignation

AGAIN this year the ladies shun  
The siren robes—"They just aren't  
done,"

Phyllistine tells me, "not these days."  
She wears pajama-negligees  
And thinks the mannish modes are fun.

(Ex.: velvet-collared coats, begun  
By England's haberdashing son.)

I wish there'd been in girly ways  
A gain this year.

Well, every style must have its run  
Before we greet a newer one.

Continuing the manly craze,  
In spite of my reproving gaze,  
Boys will be boys, and girls *garçonnés*,  
Again this year.

Lois Whitcomb.

## The Last Straw

SETTLEMENT WORKER: What  
makes your husband so irritable?

MRS. BLOXTER: He's worryin',  
ma'am. He heard that the factory  
where our children works is shuttin'  
down; an' he's been offered a job.

AN aviator says that flying has be-  
come foolproof. We are most  
gratified to hear of something that is.



THE DOG THAT WAS TOO SMART FOR WORDS



APRIL 30, 1925

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

VOL. 85. 2217

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CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*  
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



WE have assurance from Scripture that the way of the transgressor is hard, but what about the prosecutor? Here in New York he does not seem to have any too soft a job, especially if he is the prosecutor for the Federal Government. Regard Mr. Buckner. When he is getting after thieves or swindlers, one is thankful he is so good. When he is padlocking restaurants, one doubts if his job is as good as he is. It will be recalled that before he joined up as a mameluke of the Anti-Saloon League he sent out a lot of young fellows that he knew to get evidence against restaurants that were believed to be selling prohibited fluids. Now one hears something about these emissaries, as that one of them went to a restaurant and said: "Please send me a couple of boxes of wine to my house." But the restaurant man said: "We do not sell any rum." Whereupon his customer replied: "Oh, come, I know you sell it. I'm all right. I am a member of the Kaleyard Club. You look me up and see. Send it along!" And the wine was sent, and that fact was used as evidence, and the padlock went onto the restaurant, and one read in the papers of this old waiter dead of heartbreak and that old waiter dead by gas. Rather bad reading.

But as the story of that case gets around, inquiries start in the Kaleyard Club as to whether a man sent out to spy shall use his membership in that club as evidence of integrity, and betray a seller that trusted him on account of it. Kaleyard standards incline to the opinion that Mr. Buckner's spies have

gone farther to please Mr. Buckner and the Anti-Saloon League, and to gain what advantage comes from it, than is consistent with good standing in the Kaleyard Club.

Mr. Buckner, one hears, resigned from all his clubs before he started in as a United States District Attorney, but the young informers whom he enlisted seem not to have been so forethoughtful.

Whoever touches the Volstead pitch seems presently to become defiled with it. That is because the law aims to accomplish intrusions and restraints that a considerable part of the Constitution was devised to prevent. The makers of the Constitution were jealous for liberty, but Volstead had no prejudice of that sort. This very padlock procedure that Mr. Buckner is now operating in this city is a means provided by the Volstead law to bilk offenders against that law of their constitutional right to a trial by jury. One recalls, somewhat dimly, that a year or two ago when Mr. Buckner's father's pulpit was padlocked by Methodist Fundamentalists, one of Mr. Buckner's complaints in his filial appeal to the sense of justice of the community was that his father's case was never brought to trial, but that the preacher had been squelched noiselessly by the refusal of the Methodist authorities to renew his license to preach. Not for nothing has Mr. Buckner studied his father's case.



THERE is a government in Hungary whereof Admiral Horthy is the visible master. Its minister in Wash-

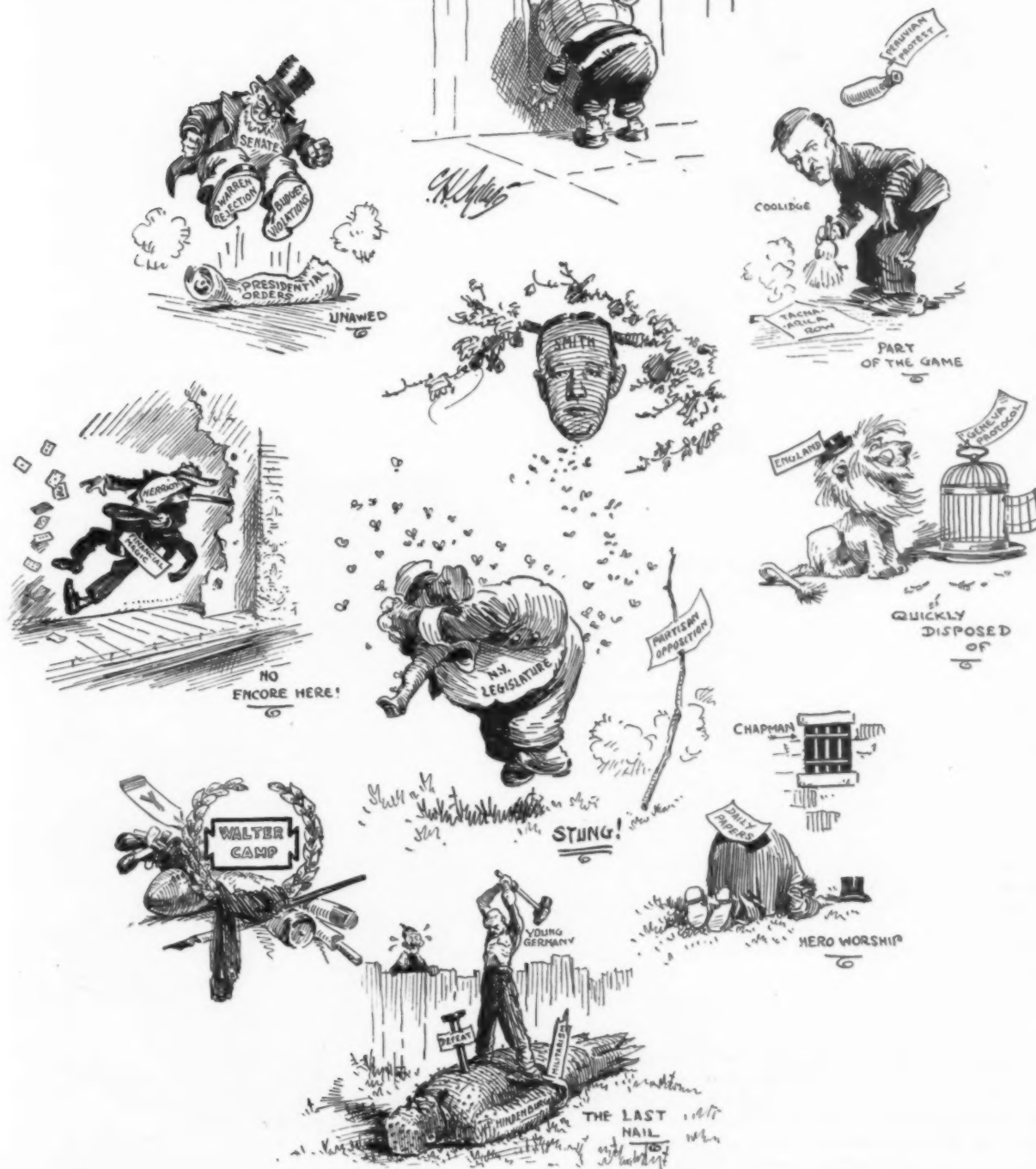
ington is Count Szechenyi, whose wife is the great-granddaughter of an eminent New Yorker, well and favorably known as Cornelius, the Ferryman. The leader of the opposition to the Horthy government is Count Karolyi, whose wife came here on a lecture tour, but presently took ill so that her husband was sent for. Count Karolyi has been accused of being a Red, so when he got here, in order to get admitted to this one-time sanctuary of revolutionists, he had to promise the Secretary of State not to talk politics in public while he was here. So he did not, but before he left, he went to Montreal and made a discourse there that went into the first pages of all our livelier newspapers, so that the Karolyis and their ideas and their political sentiments got full and generous notice after all. Disapproval of the gagging of them has been very general. The Count says it was all started by Solomon Stanwood Menken, lately the president of the National Security League. His countess, however, attributes it primarily to the Ferryman's great-granddaughter, who is the wife of Admiral Horthy's minister.



THE pith of the interesting remarks that Count Karolyi made in Canada, and which were published hereabouts on April 9, was: "Don't lend money to Hungary except on conditions that will safeguard and promote the peace of Europe. The Horthy government is composed of Diehards who want to bring back the old German dream of *Mittel Europa*. They want the clock turned back and the old order reinstated. If you make a loan to Germany, and work out a beautiful Dawes plan, and if at the same time you let them elect a Hindenburg or some other typical jingo as President, then your whole work, your whole security isn't worth a red cent."

Middle Europe is the breeding ground for the next war. It cannot go on as it is. For economic reasons it must in some way be reorganized. If the job is not done by brains the attempt will be made to do it by war. That is why Count Karolyi's remarks and the situation they discuss are worth attention, and why the election in Germany is of such deep concern. E. S. Martin.

# THE MONTH







Barber: WELL, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?  
Customer: JUST PLUCK THE EYEBROWS A LITTLE.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**April 23rd** Sam a-caroling Hark, Hark, the Lark! in his tub, in honor, so he said, of Shakespeare's birthday, but his squawkings were meagre homage, methought, and ran his splashings a poor second. He did caution me too, against discoursing too much with the women I was to play bridge with this day, my acquaintance with them being slight. Let your communication be Yea, Yea and Nay, Nay, he quoted, and albeit he is right in his admonition, I have always felt that the Biblical injunction lacked force, preferring persons who answer Certainly! or Certainly not! to those who use a mere affirmative or negative. So to luncheon at Mistress Quimby's, finding there a great company, but stupid women mostly, so I did attend to my cards, and gained thirty-two dollars, for which I thank God....Dinner by ourselves, recalling this and that from the past, in especial how Sam and Aldous Squires had circulated the report at the Little wedding that the house was so old there was danger of the floors' not holding the crowds, thereby gaining dancing space and superfluous champagne for their own particular cronies.

**April 24th** A telegram read from Sam's office summoning him at once to Rochester, I did up and pack his bag according to his suggestions, and Lord! from the things he fancied he would need, you would have imagined him off for a sentence in Siberia. Marge Boothby to

(Continued on page 31)

## The Farmer

IT is no Fun to be a Farmer  
Who, when to woo his Feline Charmer  
The Early Morning Cat me-ows,  
Must brave the Dark to milk the Cows.  
While Sparrows chirp their Obbligatos  
He gathers Beans and props Tomatoes.  
About the Time the Sun is up  
He gets his Breakfast Coffee Cup.  
He spends his Leisure Plowing, Sowing,  
Manuring, Pulling Turnips, Mowing,  
And Praying, as he views his Grain,  
For Lots of Sun or Lots of Rain.  
When Anxious Farmers get together  
They Wish for Varied Kinds of Weather;  
And when the Weather comes along,  
No Matter what it is, it's Wrong.  
Good Cause the Farmer has to grumble!  
If Crops are good, the Prices tumble.  
He never even thinks he's through;  
There's always Something Else to do.  
And when for Rest he's Fairly Craving,  
They Stretch his Day with Daylight Saving!

Arthur Guiterman.



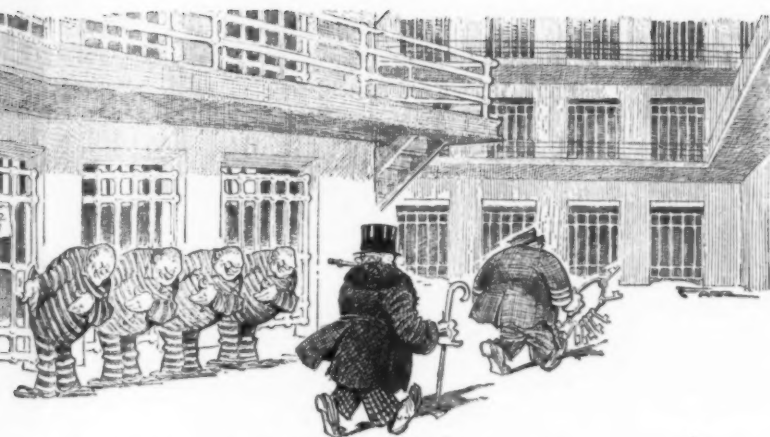
Police

High Fin

SALESMAN: What is  
DEALER: Whatever w  
SALESMAN: What can  
DEALER: Well, I hope







*Polite Prisoners (as Governor passes): PARDON US!*

### High Finance

AN: What is that used car worth?  
 Whatever we can get for it.  
 : What can we get for it?  
 Well, I hope more than it's worth!

### Slow Poison

THE fox looked up at the fine clusters of grapes beyond his reach. "Good!" he snarled. "If I could reach them they'd turn out to be synthetic, too."

### Imitation

ONCE knew a man. He was the only man I ever knew to whom life was really genuine.

When he was a little boy he smoked corn silk. When he was a young man he thought he was smoking tobacco, but it was just alfalfa, fine-cut and treated with a decoction from tobacco stems. When he was older, he smoked de-nicotinized Havana cigars from Connecticut.

He thought that coffee made him nervous, and so he drank de-cafeinized coffee. After Prohibition came in, he drank near-beer and sometimes he took a snifter of synthetic gin.

The clothes he bought for all-wool were half cotton. His linen collars were all cotton. His silk shirts were half cotton and half silk weighted with tin.

He bought stock in mythical oil wells. He almost went broke buying Liberty bonds to help finance the War to End War. When he died, which he did on a bed that was bought for mahogany but was only veneer over whitewood, his obituary in the paper said many flattering things which were not so. He was buried in a coffin with imitation silver handles. But he died happy. On his deathbed he heard London on a radio set he had built himself.

He didn't know that it was relayed from Schenectady.

*D. R. S.*



*Book-Worms*



### Housewarming

AS openers for its new theatre, the Guild lays down "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and we accept them as good here. We doubt that they can be beaten.

If we were just starting out on the job of reviewing plays, we should try to tell why we like "Cæsar and Cleopatra." We would give Shaw a good word or two on his dialogue and effects, and would do a bit of analytical work by showing just where he does and where he does not adhere to the unities. The article would end up with a summary in which we would decide that the play is swell. Being one of the older boys in the game, we will simply begin with this summary and let it go at that. At no time does a reviewer look so silly as when he is praising Shaw—unless it is when he is knocking him.



THERE is one thing, however, that we *do* feel qualified to take a flying boot at. And that is this prologue business. Shaw has been bored too much himself not to realize that the best prologue in the world, recited at length in front of the curtain, is dull and tiresome. It can't be done. If it could, Mr. Albert Bruning could probably do it.

So, if you will take a tip from us, you will arrive at "Cæsar and Cleopatra" about 8:10, just in time to miss the prologue and wait a few minutes at the head of the aisle until they will seat you for the regular bill. The show itself starts at 8:15, which is none too early.



THE production is beautiful, and the cast a fitting one.

Miss Helen Hayes is probably the first *Cleopatra* who has fulfilled the specifications in the blueprints, a slightly bewildered flapper queen. We saw Forbes-Robertson play *Cæsar* before, but we have forgotten who played *Cleopatra*. We shall not forget Miss Hayes.

Lionel Atwill, aside from being an impressive *Cæsar* pictorially, has dropped most of his ham-actorisms, and those that he still retains are not particularly out of keeping with the imperial purple. For the first time since his early appearance in this country in "The Wild Duck" and "Eve's Daughter" (when he was one of our favorite actors), he seems to have settled back into a quiet, humorous vein which is much more becoming. Let us hope that he doesn't fall in with Mr. Belasco again.

Mr. Henry Travers as *Britannus*, the slave from the right-little-tight-little island, is grand and, of course, has some of the tastiest nut-meats in the play to dispense. Here, however, our enjoyment of Shaw's dirty cracks at his countrymen is again hampered by the excessive enjoyment of the same lines by those in the audience who are anxious to be counted among the wise ones who know what's Shaw. The lines are funny, but they can't be as funny as all that, even with Mr. Travers reading them.



THE Guild's new theatre is just what it should be, and we have a warm glow of anticipation of good things to come there. Sitting back in the commodious pit, with its high white walls running into the rich curtain, one experiences a sort of sensuous enjoyment like the kick derived from holding a cool metal cigarette-case or a finely-wrought jewel-box tightly in the hand. No matter what the play, it can not help being enhanced and sharpened by this setting. It is good to know that there is always the Theatre Guild.



"THE BACK SLAPPER" has a characterization which should land it in a class above that of its two or three dozen predecessors at the Hudson Theatre this season. The man who, hail-fellow-well-you-know among his colleagues, is something of a rotter in his family circle, is a comparatively new figure along Broadway. He has much of the *Show-Off* in him, but enough of something else to make him worth taking a look at, just to see if you can recognize in him some one you know.



THE spring showing of mountaineers is on, and this year's is hardly to be differentiated from last. "The Dunce Boy" at Daly's and "Ruint" at the Provincetown are both all right in their way, but their way lies up over them thar mountains and is purty quaint. "The Dunce Boy" is tragedy, and effective tragedy at times, although it ends with a smash of something akin to burlesque. "Ruint" is, oddly enough, a comedy, and deals with a young mountain girl who was fortunate enough to be compromised. Both plays are interesting—but not particularly to us.

Robert Benchley.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Cape Smoke.** *Martin Beck*—A great deal of banging incident to a South African witch-doctor's revenge.

**The Complex.** *Princess*—An interesting fixation which it takes almost three acts to uncover.

**Dancing Mothers.** *Mazine Elliott's*—An old way with new daughters.

**Desire Under the Elms.** *Earl Carroll*—The procreative urge in its New England, or rock-bound, form. Not O'Neill's best.

**The Dove.** *Empire*—Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson in the customary broken-English troubles across the Mexican border.

**The Dunces Boy.** *Daly's*—Reviewed in this issue.

**In the South Seas.** *Lyric*—To be reviewed later.

**Ladies of the Evening.** *Lyceum*—How one girl went straight and what a terrible time she had.

**My Son.** *Nora Bayes*—Cape Cod folk in Portuguese dialect.

**Night Hawk.** *Bijou*—The rejuvenation of a streetwalker by the gland system. A good idea, at any rate.

**Old English.** *Ritz*—George Arliss as a grand old sinner who doesn't weaken.

**The Rat.** *Colonial*—Parisian underworld stuff. You know.

**Silence.** *National*—A crook play which should have H. B. Warner as its hero—and has.

**Taps.** *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

**They Knew What They Wanted.** *Klaw*—Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett and Glenn Anders giving Grade-A performances in a Grade-A play of California fecundity.

**Thrills.** *Comedy*—To be reviewed later.

**What Price Glory?** *Plymouth*—The season's first and still outstanding success.

**White Cargo.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Hot sun and women in malign conjunction.

**The Wild Duck.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—A grand play, done in excellent fashion.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—There are 5,280 feet in a mile.

**Aren't We All?** *Globe*—Cyril Maude in a pleasing return engagement.

**The Back Slapper.** Reviewed in this issue.

**Cæsar and Cleopatra.** *Guild*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Fall Guy.** *Eltinge*—Ernest Truex in a native play of the common people which is splendid in its way.

**The Firebrand.** *Morosco*—The entertaining amours of Benvenuto Cellini, played by Joseph Schildkraut.

**The Fourflusher.** *Apollo*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Guardsman.** *Booth*—A moderately good comedy of domestic intrigue made extra good by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

**The Handy Man.** *Punch and Judy*—Just an old, good-natured feller.

**The Harem.** *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric in unexciting dirt.

**Is Zat So?** *Chanin's*—A comedy of prize-fighting that ought to amuse every one, even if he has never seen a ring.

**Love for Love.** *Greenwich Village*—More Restoration comedy. Full of "oons" and "bodkins."

**Mismates.** *Times Square*—To be reviewed next week.

**Mrs. Partridge Presents** — *Belmont*—A very nice reversal of the problem of parent and child, with Blanche Bates as the managing mamma.

**O Nightingale.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Pigs.** *Little*—Clean as a—what is it now?—oh, yes, whistle.

**Quarantine.** *Henry Miller's*—Vivian Martin and Sidney Blackmer in honeymoon trouble.

**Ruint.** *Provincetown*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Sapphire Ring.** *Selwyn*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Show-Off.** *Playhouse*—They don't come much truer to life than this.

**Starlight.** *Wallack's*—Several dozen episodes in the varied career of a French actress, all done by Doris Keane.

**White Collars.** *Cort*—Social economy for home consumption.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** *Casino*—Not much of a revue, if you ask us.

**China Rose.** *Knickerbocker*—Pretty thin going.

**Lady, Be Good!** *Liberty*—The Astaires, Walter Catlett and Gershwin music in happy combination.

**Louie the 14th.** *Cosmopolitan*—Leon Errol and a spectacular show.

**The Love Song.** *Century*—For those who like their music straight.

**Mercenary Mary.** *Longacre*—To be reviewed later.

**The Mikado.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—A highly satisfactory revival.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—The best since the first. Fannie Brice heads the cast.

**My Girl.** *Vanderbilt*—Nice.

**Princess Ida.** *Shubert*—A revival of the hitherto least-known of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

**Puzzles of 1925.** *Fulton*—Elsie Janis, assisted by Jimmy Hussey, making a good evening of it.

**Rose-Marie.** *Imperial*—Probably the most popular score of the season.

**The School Maid.** *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

**Sky High.** *Winter Garden*—Willie Howard in an old-fashioned show, with good dancing.

**The Student Prince.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Splendid male chorus singing.

**Tell Me More.** *Gaiety*—To be reviewed later.

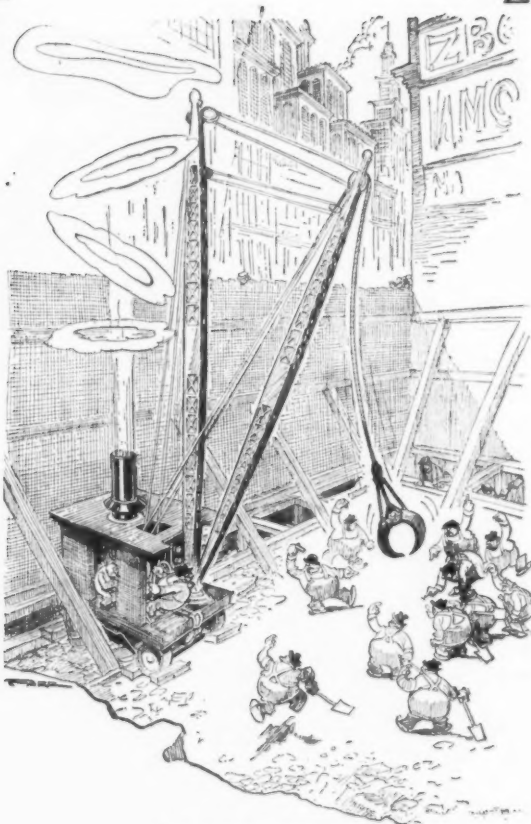
**Topsy and Eva.** *Sam H. Harris*—Those melodious Duncan Sisters.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—W. C. Fields and Ray Dooley, with Will Rogers too, make this a really funny Follies.



LEON ERROL IN "LOUIE THE 14TH."





SEE A PIN—PICK IT UP

### LIFE'S Little Sermons

**L**O, the Business Man!

He getteth up grumbling and departeth in all haste for his office, where he reclineth at his ease while he smoketh his cigar. As he readeth the news his secretary saith to all and sundry, "Disturb him not—he is in conference."

He calleth his friends upon the telephone and maketh appointments for golf. He intervieweth his bootlegger and goeth forth to buy a new mashie, but he toileth not.

And when he returneth to his household he groaneth aloud and crieth in a bitter voice, "Lord, I am worn out from labors," and he pleadeth with his wife, "Let us not go forth for bridge to-night, dear, I am fatigued."

But she knoweth him for a fraud and liar and draggeth him forth.

Even as yours and mine.

*Stuart Little.*

### Travel by Ear

**A**SCHOOLTEACHER from Ypsilanti, one from Kokomo, and one from Speonk went on a Cook's Tour and visited Wales. "What funny names these Welsh towns have!" exclaimed all of them, in unison.

**W**IFE: What did you have to eat at the banquet to-night?

"How should I know, my dear? I was one of the after-dinner speakers."

### The Daring of the Screen

("Ireland may soon have no movies. Strict censorship is threatening to result in the closing of all the picture houses."—*New York World*.)

**O**H, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?

An Irishman's forbid by law to be a movie hound.

At Georgie Walsh no more we'll peep, nor yet at Tommy Meighan,

They're cannin' all the movies for the darin' of the screen.

Oh, I met with Napper Tandy and I took him by the hand, "I just see Colleen Moore," sez I, "believe me, she was grand."

Sezee, "You've taken your last look—put that in your *dudeen*,

They're cannin' all the movies for the darin' of the screen."

*Henry William Hanemann.*

### The Ideal Radio Program

*Station WHY*

**3:00** P. M. Early Birds' gym class.

**3:01** P. M. Tips on the horse races.

**3:05** P. M. Latest bootleg quotations.

**3:09** P. M. Address: "How to Beat Your Income Tax."

**3:11** P. M. Signing off.



"NOW I S'POSE YOU'LL GO AN' TELL YER MOTHER I INSULTED YA."

"I WILL NOT—I NEVER TELL MY MOTHER ABOUT MY SOCIAL AFFAIRS."





FROM what W. L. George has to say in "The Story of Woman" (Harper), Mona, taken as a figurative representative of her sex, is never going to be entirely free. Not that woman hasn't advanced tremendously from a terrific slump in the middle centuries—in fact, when it comes to the march of feminism, the first thousand years were by no means the hardest.

In concerning himself this time with the history of the gentle sex rather than its psychology, Mr. George is treading on safer ground. He goes bravely back to the neolithic ladies and works up through the Roman dames, whose bridal coiffure was parted with a spear point and who were literally murdered

if they took a drink, to Madame Curie. It is impossible in this space to bring out many high lights of such an extensive survey, but I must not fail to call attention to woman's great debt to the troubadours. It was these serenaders, substituting romance for war as a musical theme, who put women on the map as individuals.

Woman is always new and always criticized, says Mr. George. And yet at the same time there is that subtle something which recalls the cycles that have ferried her cradle. In Isolde's day she believed in love potions. Now she goes to fortune tellers. It's all the same thing, and I hope you get what I mean, because nobody yet, with the

possible exception of H. L. Mencken (if you have never read his "In Defense of Women," get a copy immediately), has been able to say it.

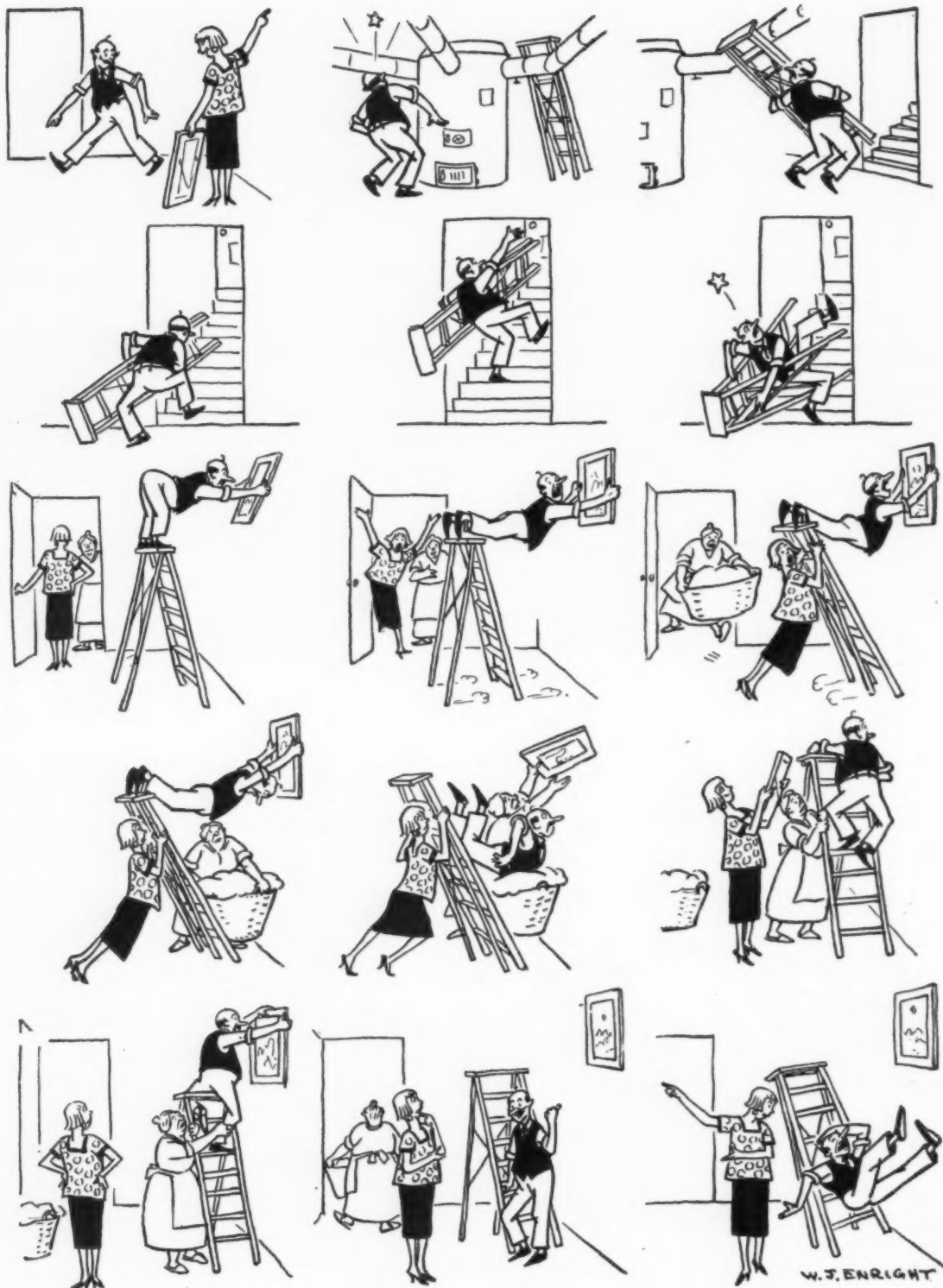
In the days of the Greeks, it would have been "Women and children last!" emotion not having come into the world until the Renaissance. Well, so far as the men are concerned, some are right back where they started. A great many of them ride in the subway.

I COMMEND wholeheartedly "The Counterplot," by Hope Mirrlees (Knopf). Here is something new in fiction, and of the best. The author has been able to get the atmosphere  
(Continued on page 33)



THE GAY NINETIES

THE FELLOW WITH THE TANDEM BICYCLE WAS ALWAYS SURE TO BE POPULAR—BUT HE PAID DEARLY FOR HIS POPULARITY IN THE LONG RUN.



W.J. ENRIGHT

AND THEN SHE CHANGED HER MIND



NEWS ITEM

(From the North Weymouth "Enterprise")

"Some of the boys down at Balch's General Store have fallen for this new-fangled crossword puzzle craze. It certainly doesn't take North Weymouth long to catch onto the latest fads!"

Shoestrings

ALL my life I have been hearing of bright young men who have taken a shoestring and run the thing up to a million.

"He started in with a shoestring!" How often do we hear this humble beginning of the tale of success! Just one shoestring the fellow starts in with—not two, or three, or four, or more—merely a lone boot-lacer; and in no time the thing brings in his million for him. How I have envied these wizards of finance!

However, no more am I green-eyed. For I am buying a shoestring for myself, not to lace my shoes with, nor to wrap 'round my collar like a Greenwich Village poet, but to make my fortune for me. Not only one shoestring am I buying, but 2, 3, 4...40...400...4,000...4,000,000...; in brief, I intend to corner the market by purchasing all the shoestrings in the world. Then watch me run them, like black macaroni marathonomically bearing golden tidings!

Now upon the eve of becoming the richest man in the world, I have just

one regret to communicate to my countrymen:

I should have attained these riches earlier, even in my youth—

But my father always insisted on my wearing buttoned shoes.

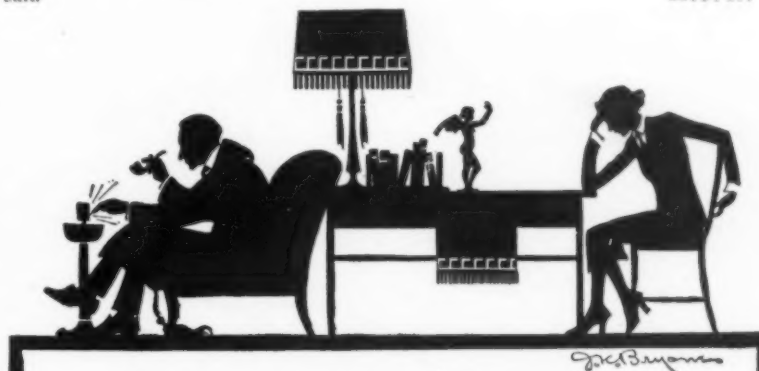
Cyril B. Egan.

STATISTICS show that nothing has done so much to improve the feminine figure as the one-piece bathing suit.

The Man You Read About

I AM the man who was to be revolutionized by the radio. And made over by State highways. And broadened by the automobile. And emancipated by machinery. And saved by Daylight Saving. And made rich by Congress. Please pass the Hagerstown Almanac. I am the farmer.

McC. II.



She: SO YOU'VE GIVEN UP THE IDEA OF OWNING A YACHT?

He: YES, I BOUGHT A SET OF CONRAD INSTEAD.



### "Grass"

ON rare occasions, the moving picture thrusts its head from the primeval muck of mediocrity and proclaims, in loud, clear tones—"I have an honorable place in the scheme of artistic creation. I can do great things!"

One of these great things is a picture called "Grass," which was made by three Americans in Persia without the aid of greasepaint, expensive sets, Klieg lights or a scenario. The trio in question are Merian C. Cooper, Marguerite E. Harrison and Ernest B. Schoedsack—and theirs is a mighty accomplishment.

They traveled beyond an Arabian desert into a desolate Asian hinterland, and joined up with a nomadic tribe that was starting its semi-annual migration in quest of grass.

It seems that these pitiful people must pack up every six months and move, in a body, across country; it is a forty-eight-day journey, and it entails the passage (without boats) of various raging torrents, and the ascent (barefooted) of snow-capped mountain ranges. The hardships that they must undergo en route are appalling; their fortitude in the face of such hardships is incredible. And all this because they must find grass, without which their beasts and themselves would starve!

IT may be said that "Grass" is a travelogue; actually it is more moving, more impressive, more vitally dramatic than the finest fiction that could ever be written. In this respect it deserves rank with Robert Flaherty's great picture, "Nanook of the North."

It is impossible for me to do justice to "Grass" with the meagre words that are at my command. It is above and beyond criticism. You will have to see it for yourself.

INCIDENTALLY, having seen "Grass," I feel heartily ashamed when I think how I complained while moving my few household belongings from 88th to 52d Street last October.

### Others

THIS is a world of strong contrasts, and for every picture like "Grass" there must be at least one other like "The Heart of a Siren."

Here we see the movie at the height,

or depth, of its artificiality, absurdity and insincerity! Here is the hokum formula triumphant!

Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle are the featured performers and both are as advertised. The picture itself is conceived and constructed for the "Lizzie" trade, and will probably be successful in finding its own level.

"QUO VADIS," in its new edition, is a tremendous spectacle, elevated above its true significance by the terrific genius of Emil Jannings. As *Nero*, Jannings casts off all his usual vitality and appears as a maudlin, simpering ninny. I don't believe there is an actor in the world, with the exception of John Barrymore, who can match Jannings in point of versatility. It would not surprise me in the least to see him cast, some day, as "Peck's Bad Boy"—and making a darned good job of it, too.

POLA NEGRI'S latest, "The Charmer," is far from her best. It is a routine affair about a wild Spanish dancer who conquers America, and it is almost totally lacking in distinction.

This is largely due to the superabundance of sub-titles. When will the Highbrows of Hollywood learn that people patronize the moving pictures because they want to see pictures move? Those who wish to read may do so more conveniently and more economically at the Public Library.

FRANK TUTTLE has animated "A Kiss in the Dark" with a pleasant spirit of effervescent gayety. It is a tuneful, rhythmical comedy, with some authentic Havana scenes to give it beauty, and with the adroit Adolphe Menjou to supply his own sophisticated sparkle.

TO return to "Grass"—I have an idea that it will succeed, in spite of its worth. Truth is still infinitely more interesting than fiction, and "Grass" is true. Usually such honest productions as this are passed up in favor of—let us say—"The Heart of a Siren," and those among us who raise their voices in lament are scorned as false prophets. The public will have a chance to atone for its past crimes by supporting "Grass."

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 35.)



EMIL JANNINGS  
IN "QUO VADIS."





## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When the hard-boiled traffic cop bawls  
you out . . . be nonchalant . . . light a  
**DEITIES CIGARETTE**





## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Epigram on the Modern World

Science finds out ingenious ways to kill  
Strong men, and keep alive the weak and  
ill—

That these a sickly progeny may breed,  
Too poor to tax, too numerous to feed.

—Spectator (London).

### O Caledonia!

LADY (to new housemaid engaged by  
letter): Why didn't you tell me, when  
you wrote answering my questions so  
fully, that you were Scotch, Mary?

MARY: I didna like to be boasting,  
mem.—Punch.

"THE dread period of 1908 to 1920,"  
writes Jay E. House, "was that of gov-  
ernmental bunk." We see that—and raise  
it five years.—New Yorker.

"WHERE were you last night?"  
"It's a lie!"—Toronto Goblin.



Cheery Soul: 'SCUSE ME, ARE YOU  
AN ANCIENT BRITON, WILLIAM TELL  
OR CUPID?

—Humorist (London).

A MARTYR is some one who is obliged  
to listen to a martyr.—Detroit News.

### Mal de Mer Manners

A number of Vassar girls were travel-  
ing through the Mediterranean. Their  
ship tossed wildly about and at midnight  
it suddenly occurred to one of the girls,  
who had become ill, that if she could  
ever manage to get on deck the fresh air  
might revive her.

In her nightgown, without pausing to  
dress, she peered cautiously about. Not  
seeing a soul, she hurried to the stair-  
way. She had almost reached the top,  
when she encountered a man staggering  
down. Greatly embarrassed, she emitted  
a weak scream.

"You're safe, my dear lady!" the feeble  
gentleman gallantly gasped. "I'll never  
live to remember!"

—Ladies' Home Journal.

### In an Irish Cemetery

"This monument is erected to the mem-  
ory of Patrick Dooley, who was acci-  
dentally shot by his brother as a mark of  
affection."—London Evening News.

FONTAINE: I can't get over it! Tele-  
graphing pictures!

PENN: Pooh! Ain't I been telegraph-  
ing flowers twenty years?

—Harvard Lampoon.

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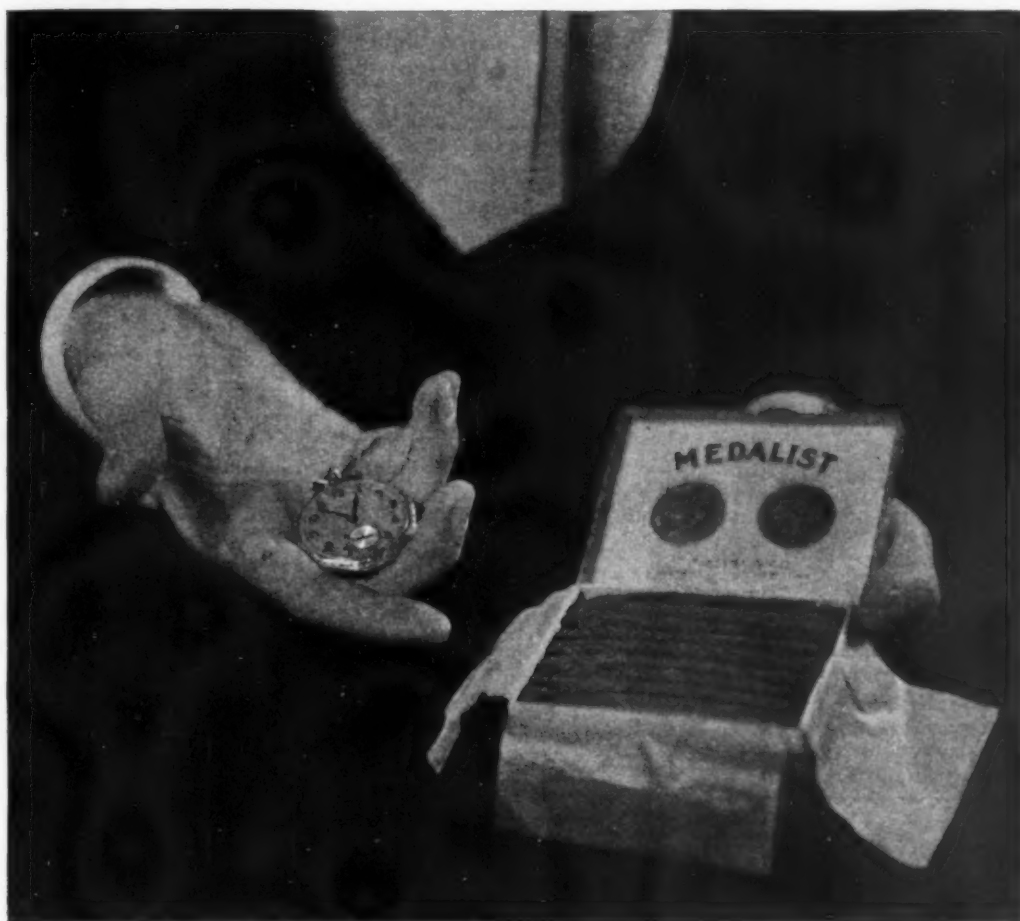
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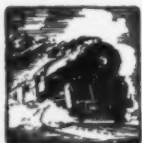
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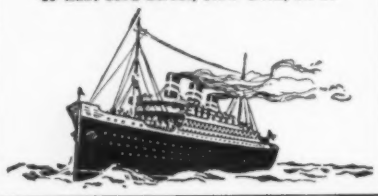
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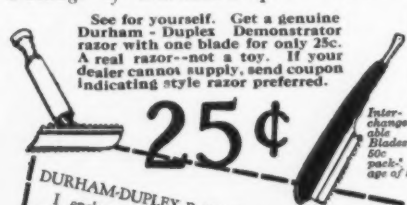


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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Widow's Wit

An Irish sheriff had to serve a writ on a clever young widow, and, on coming to her residence, said very politely:

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

"You have?" said she, blushing. "Then I may tell you that your affections are reciprocated."

It was the sheriff's turn to blush, and he explained.

"You don't understand me, madam. You must proceed to court."

"Well, I know it's the year after leap year," she replied, "but I'd rather you did the courting yourself."

"Madam," he said sternly, "this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting."

"The justice?" was the final answer. "Well, I suppose I must go, but it's all so sudden, and, besides, I'd much prefer to have a priest do it."

—Answers (London).

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co. Baltimore, Md.

### The Anzac Way

Few soldiers of the rank of General can have been more popular than was General Sir William Birdwood ("Birdie") with the Anzacs under his command at Gallipoli.

This is my favorite of the many stories told about him. Coming across a hefty Australian lolling, pipe in mouth, near where he expected to find a sentry, "Birdie" asked: "What are you?"

"A bit of a sentry!" came the reply. "What are you?"

"A bit of a general," responded "Birdie."

"Then," said the sentry, "wait a minute and I'll get my rifle and give you a bit of a salute."

—"Q," in *London Evening News*.

### Emulating Boob McNutt

Rube Goldberg is still talking about his adventures in Havana. The other day he was asked if he had seen everything of interest at Oriental Park, the race track at the Cuban capital.

"Yes," replied Goldberg, "I saw everything but the place where they pay off the bets."—*New York Evening World*.

### Its Drawback

HOUSEWIFE: We're going to get an electric washer, and so we won't need you any more.

LAUNDRESS: All right, lady, but an electric washer don't give out no gossip.  
—*Countrv Gentleman*.

IN Australia, a man walked fifty miles in his sleep. We understand that when he got back the sermon had finished.

—*Passing Show (London)*.

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**Mrs. Pep's Diary**  
(Continued from page 18)

luncheon, resolute about abstaining from the luscious things Katie had provided, and drinking her milk and vichy with the expression of an early Christian martyr, but, I must give her credit, without any verbal reference to her regimen, which I deem a wonderful reticence in either man or woman. Strange it is, indeed, how many things are considered subjects for conversation which are of the most trivial significance, such as how one caught a cold, or the inability to digest young spring onions. Marge did relate a terrible experience which happened yesterday to our friend Enid Angell, who had all her hair twisted for a permanent wave and was ready for the heat to be applied when the fuse gave way, and she had to be transplanted to another shop, riding through the public streets looking like the Empress of China....By train this afternoon to Shippan Point, to spend the week-end with the Websters.

April  
25th

Awakened early by a persistent buzzing about one of the windows, and Lord! I was across the room at one leap to close it, fearing a bee or any insect with a sting much more than I do fear a burglar. Then up, the morning passing pleasantly with this and that, such as reading the Dutch Treat Club yearbook, and playing Bill Schroeder's arrangements of the Psalms on the pianoforte. Bridge throughout the afternoon and evening, and some serious talk afterwards, Ethel and I agreeing gratefully that our sex has come a long way since the days when a woman with the slightest pretense to a single-track mind was called a witch and burned at the stake.

Baird Leonard.

**The Louvain Library Fund**

Just plain neighborliness isn't a bad thing in a community, and it is equally good between nations.

Our poor little neighbor, Belgium, exhausted after the war and with a mere ruin where the Louvain Library had been, was glad to accept America's offer to rebuild, and it rests with us to do the work. If you can't spare a large amount, give a small one, but at least show you are interested in having our nation's pledge made good.

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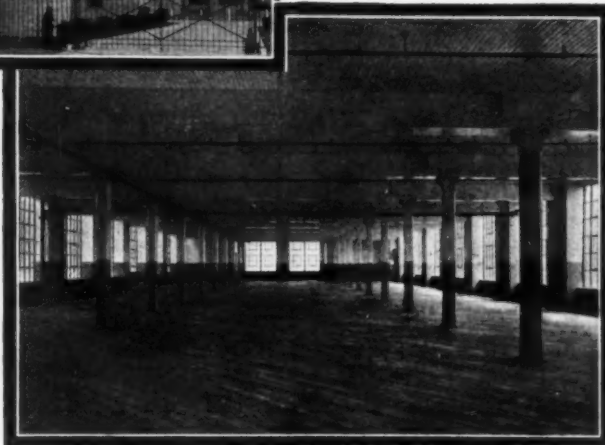


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## Life and Letters

(Continued from page 23)

of her scene down on paper and to breathe life into it by an ingenious recording of the psychological pulsings of the characters who inhabit it. A young Englishwoman who had a Spanish mother (no joke, either) moves about on the fringe of her family making mental reservations about this and that until some sort of combustion seems inevitable. She was like John Milton with the Puritans—amongst them, but not of them. And they all such interesting people, too—right down to the dead sister's incorrigible children. She finally cuts loose and writes a play about it all (Freudianly, as an outlet for her subconscious desires); the play is produced on the lawn and the county invited, but even so, the young man keeps on studying for the priesthood.

"The Counterplot" is full of those fine perceptions and shadings without which no modern fiction appeals to me much. What a tragedy that so little of it has them!

"THE GREAT GATSBY," by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner), is such a strange mixture of fact and fancy that when I finished it I felt as if I had slipped up or down a plane, and was astonished to see that my sewing-basket on the table looked just the same and to hear that the radiator in the next room was making the same old noise. It is the story of a super-four-flusher whose parties at his Long Island place were attended by thousands and whose untimely coffin was followed by two. The jacket says that the book is "infused with the strangeness of human circumstance." I'll say it is. When you get through with the story, you feel as if you'd been some place where you had a good time, but now entertain grave doubts as to the quality of the synthetic gin.

"THE WOMAN I AM," by Amber Lee (Seltzer), is what I should call swell trash. Built for speed, with no thought of endurance. I warn you here and now that the heroine at the age of six could tell real pearls from fake ones and suspected her foster-uncle of having a Chinese wife back in Pekin. If you can get by that, then heigh-ho for the lovers' parade!

"WHAT OF IT?" by Ring Lardner (Scribner), is another contribution to the only kind of Americana which seems worth while bothering about just now. It is a collection of articles which have already appeared in various magazines, and is full of the genial satire characteristic of its author, who can see straight through the citizens of these United States.

Baird Leonard.



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## LIFE'S Question Contest

(Continued from page 12)

If the Church is religion, God help it, but it is not. Religion is God, and there is all that we need.

Frank W. Bentley,  
Box 306, Missouri Valley, Iowa.

No, if religion is an inner thing.

Credo, rituals are on the wane. Scientific statements about religion are decreasing. So are infidels and hypocrites.

Man is "incurably religious." Honest seekers after God and truth, notably among the young, are increasing.

If religion is "the life of God in the soul of man," it is not on the wane. Our God is not a heathen deity, waxing and waning in power.

Life is not a physical process. It is an unexplained, mystical thing, not often discussed, but the most fundamental desire of the human heart.

Religion is life—the life of God in man, not philosophy about God. It is in the soul, not on the tongue.

Theology, like the Inquisition and the Cro-Magnon Man, is dead.

Religion is as alive as Youth, and Hope, and Spring!

Fanny Hance Packard,  
220 S. Glenwood Ave., Peoria, Ill.

WHEN men learn what is life and what is death; when they know who made the universe, the world, and mankind; when they learn the purpose of our existence and our eventual goal—THEN religion will come to an end. But it is not now on the wane, nor will it lose strength until all men know everything about which any one of them might ask a question.

Men will not allow themselves to be called ignorant. Therefore, their imaginations picture an all-powerful thing which can be blamed for all that men fail to understand.

Of course, different creeds may come and go with each passing day, but religion cares not in what vehicle she rides. The gods of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity may tumble down the chute to join the thousands who have gone before, but religion—well, we must have some excuse for living!

Marshall McClintock,  
801 Westover Road, Kansas City, Missouri.

No, religion is not "on the wane"; it is dead, so far at least as the churches are concerned.

Rev. Dr. Justin W. Nixon, of Rochester, N. Y., declared in a recent address before the Presbyterian Ministers' Association that religion, as exemplified by the churches, has become "a business."

"It consists," he said, "of drives, promotions, card indexes, budgets, publicity and advertising, and an elaborate system of follow-up work instead of being what it should be: a true seeking to know God."

An elderly, old-fashioned Christian woman of my acquaintance put it rather more tersely when she said:

"There are three hundred CHURCHES in this city—BUT NO CHRIST!"

W. T. Withrow,  
69 Plymouth Avenue North, Rochester, N. Y.

## More Honorable Mentions

YOUNG ALLISON, Louisville, Ky.; MRS. EMMA ASPEGREN, Denver, Colo.; HARVEY E. AVERILL, Birmingham, Ala.; A. E. BADGER, E. Cleveland, O.; FRANK S. BAILEY, E. Braintree, Mass.; ED W. BATEMAN, Dallas, Texas; R. J. BENNETT, Lisbon, O.; WILLIAM R. BIGELOW, Natick, Mass.; MRS. F. A. BROOKS, Berkeley, Calif.; FRED W. BULL, Westbrook, Conn.; A. J. CAPEN, JR., Prescott, Ariz.; ALBERT CARR, Greensburg, Pa.; WAUGH CHAMBERS, Bronxville, N. Y.; A. GARDNER CHASE, Mexico, Mo.; ERNEST P. CLARKE, Santa Barbara, Calif.; B. S. CORNELL, Brockville, Can.; CHESTER T. CROWELL, Pompton Lakes, N. J.; FRANCIS J. CURRAN, Providence, R. I.; A. B. DALE, Los Gatos, Calif.; ALFRED C. DALMAS, New York City; W. B. DAVISON, River Falls, Wis.; D. E. DICK, Charleston, W. Va.; MRS. E. EPSTEIN, Atlanta, Ga.; FREDERIC B. FITCH, Lakeville, Conn.; G. M. GATES, Cambridge, Mass.; W. I. GOULD, Malden, Mass.; ALEXANDER GRAY, Springfield, Mass.; C. F. HAMILTON, Detroit, Mich.; LEE HAMILTON, Louisville, Ky.; ROSA S. HARRIS, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; L.



## LIFE's Question Contest

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## Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26.)

**Smouldering Fires.** *Universal*—Pauline Frederick at her best as a hard business woman who gives up all for love.

**The Way of a Girl.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Decrepit hokum endowed with some inefficacious glands.

**Waking Up the Town.** *United Artists*—Jack Pickford in so much nonsense.

**Sackcloth and Scarlet.** *Paramount*—"If it's a Paramount it's the best show in town"—but this applies to a town with only one theatre.

**Percy.** *Producers' Distributing*—Charles Ray and Charles Murray share the honors in a wild but entertaining comedy drama.

**Confessions of a Queen.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Good work by Lewis Stone as the pleasantly irresponsible monarch of a toy kingdom.

**Déclassée.** *First National*—Corinne Griffith and her justly famous appeal in a thin solution of Zoë Akins' play.

**Seven Chances.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Buster Keaton in a cutaway.

**Sally.** *First National*—I wonder what's become of Sally?

**The Denial.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—A darned good picture, if you ask me.

**The Goose Hangs High.** *Paramount*—Mild difficulties of a mild family in a mild town, mildly directed by James Cruze.

**Introduce Me.** *Associated Exhibitors*—Douglas MacLean is going up by leaps and bounds.

**The Last Laugh.** *Universal*—A picture of incalculable importance.

**The Lost World.** *First National*—Well, it seems there were two dinosaurs, Pat and Mike. . . .

R. E. S.

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The finest shaving cream you will ever know  
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By the Chief Chemist

## GENTLEMEN:

In less than 4 years, Palmolive Shaving Cream has gained top place. Its success is a business sensation.

Will you do us the courtesy of trying it? Men literally are flocking to it.

## We asked 1,000 men

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream. All of them agreed on four things.

But one requirement, and the greatest of all, is something no man mentioned. That is, strong bubbles which support the hairs for cutting.

## We made 130 trials or tests

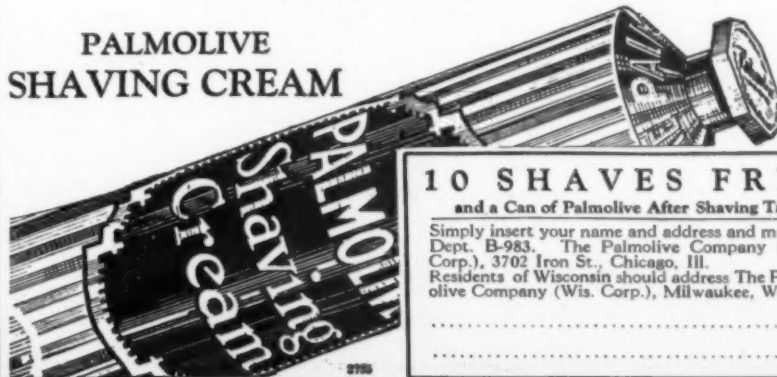
We made up 130 formulas which we discarded.

Then we attained, by many times over, the best Shaving Cream in existence. Today

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

## PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

5  
New  
Delights

## 10 SHAVES FREE

and a Can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-983. The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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## A Golden Treasury of Entertainment

THIS new magazine, of a new kind, has been an instant success. Editors, professional men, women, business men, writers, college presidents, advertisers, readers everywhere—hundreds have written their admiration.

There's always room for the best, if adequately presented

That's the idea of THE GOLDEN BOOK, to make the best available, that "he who runs may read." Likewise he who relaxes in an easy chair and wants to listen to somebody worthwhile.

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55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

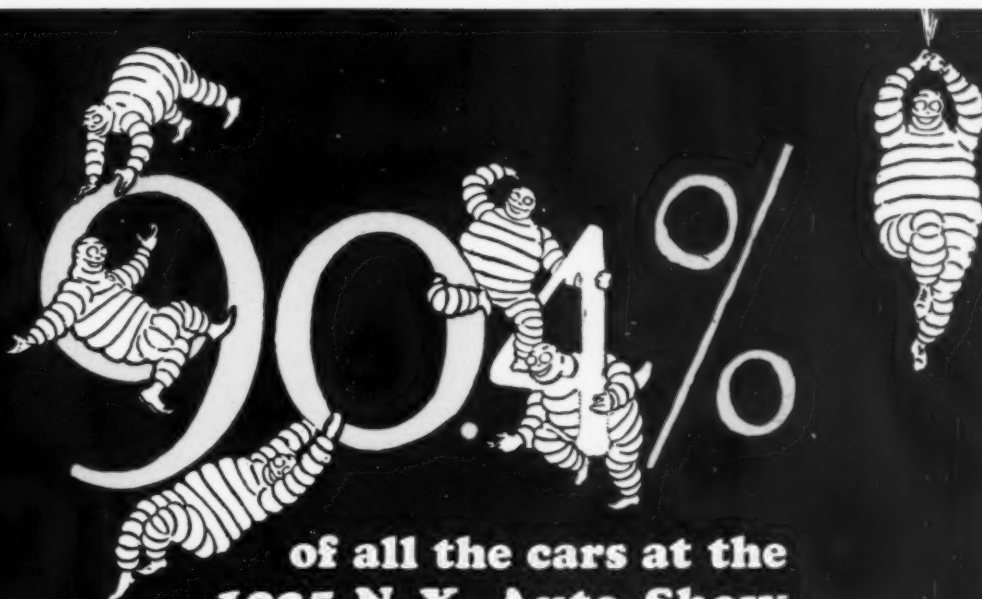
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**of all the cars at the  
1925 N. Y. Auto Show  
were Balloon Equipped**

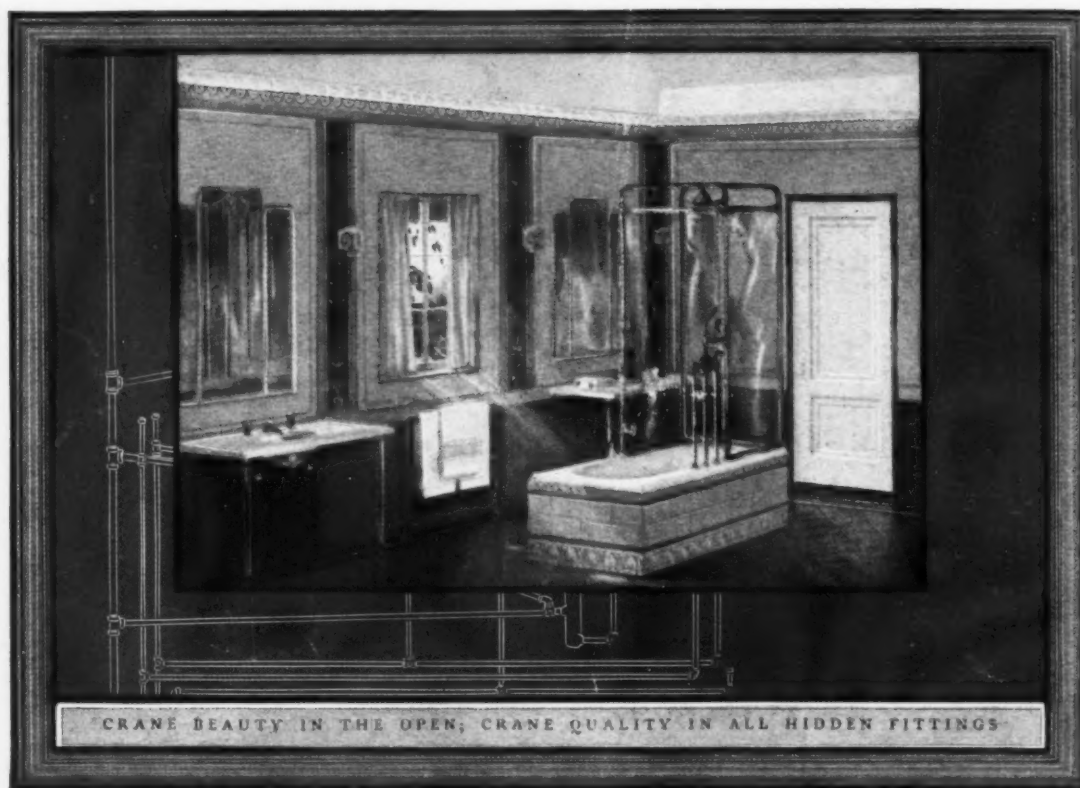
*The Leading Balloon Tire is*  
**MICHELIN**

- 1** The first public display of balloon tires was by Michelin at the Paris Automobile Salon, 1923.
- 2** Today, out of about 9,000,000 balloons running throughout the world, 3,000,000 are Michelins.
- 3** They have *proved* they last longer—in addition to giving a degree of riding comfort never before dreamt of.
- 4** They fit all rims—the new sizes as well as the old. They cost no more than high-pressure tires. And you can change to them *one at a time* as your present tires wear out. Ask your dealer how to do this.

**M**ichelin is the oldest of the world's tire makers. Always a leader, Michelin is now forging ahead faster than ever. Last year Michelin's sales grew three times as fast as those of the rest of the tire industry. Today, 25,000 men are kept busy in Michelin factories to supply the great demand for Michelin Tires and Tubes.

*Michelin also makes oversize cords and  
the famous Michelin Ring-Shaped Tube*

**Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey**



In no detail of the modern home are thought and taste so amply repaid as in the design and equipment of bathrooms. To avoid the commonplace and choose distinctive settings and fixtures is doubly important, since changes are not easily made after the work is completed.

In this Crane bathroom, character and charm are secured with simple materials. The walls are of painted plaster, with

Pompeian decoration in rose and black and painted cornice and wainscot. Dull black floor tiles. *Marmor* lavatory and dressing table have tops of white Italian marble. *Tarnia* bath and *Crystal* shower.

Crane plumbing and heating fixtures are sold by contractors only, in a wide variety of styles at prices within reach of all. Write for our book of color schemes, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

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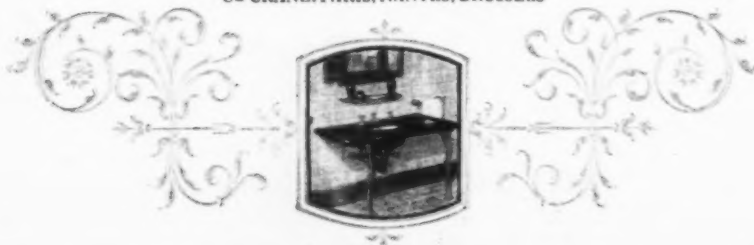
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